

The CENTER *of* VISION



Published quarterly by students of the
Massachusetts Normal Art School

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THE CENTER OF VISION



PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE
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AULD LANG SYNE

By William Ladd Taylor

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A Talk on Illustration

BY WILLIAM LADD TAYLOR

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There is a commercial market for the talent and maiden efforts of the young illustrator that should make his path at the outset easy and a stepping-stone towards more ideal, more unfettered, creations than the commercial field affords.

It is with this latter phase of the illustrators' art that I have pleasure in saying a few words to you, offering you a few suggestions, and, if possible, throwing a bit of light on ways and means.

There is little that I can say on the theory of illustration. I have many convictions, but few theories.

To my mind individuality is one of the great qualities that an illustrator should have; is of the highest importance.

First, last and always, be yourself. Study and analyze and compare the work of able creators in any and all of the graphic arts as much as you please. The more the better, but do not imitate.

You may be enamoured by cleverness and brilliant methods and tempted to follow such and such a manner and style, but remember always that brush marks and pen strokes are superficial. The quality that makes a work of art lie deeper than the surface of your canvas. Remember that quality in any art is a matter of mental, not physical effort, and that it is not transferable.

I do not underrate facility; it is a valuable acquirement. A certain amount of it is necessary in order that you may express your thoughts and ideals, but let them be your own thoughts and ideals told in your own way. Not the transplanted and adapted creations of another.

Any work, even if it be technically faulty, is, if

thoroughly original, genuine and individual, of much greater worth than a brilliant, clever treatment.

It seems to me that well early in your career you should recognize and determine in what direction your ability lies and follow it as closely as you are able.

When you start out to win your spurs it is more or less uphill effort and it may be well to welcome any work that comes your way, but when once you have gained headway and can pick and choose it is unwise to attempt subjects in which you have no interest and for which

you have no particular talent.

The late Frederick Remington drew and painted the cowboy, the Indian, the Western trapper, Cavalry man and soldier in a marvelously vivid, convincing way. He knew and he loved pictorially his subjects, but woman, anything feminine was a sealed book to him. His great and deserved reputation never would have come to him from the women that he tried to draw.

That prince of humorists among the American illustrators, Mr. A. B. Frost, who, with Mr. Harris, has immortalized the Uncle Remus stories, is sad and melancholy in his attempts to portray a pretty girl, but a jack-rabbit in a swallow-tail coat or an old negro in a ragged shirt fairly live under his pencil. These two men and their works are good examples of a well defined talent kept well in hand. Mr. Remington rarely, and in his later days never, attempted anything in petticoats. You will look long to find a young woman or a pretty girl in the work of Mr. Frost.

This article is the first of a series of three that will be printed in the CENTER OF VISION. This series was delivered as a lecture before the Art Students' League by W. L. Taylor, the distinguished illustrator. Present students of the school will be interested to know that Mr. Taylor is an alumnus of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, having graduated with the class of 1874.

The eternal feminine is the theme of a large proportion of painters and illustrators. The two I have mentioned are striking examples of great ability in other directions, perfectly understood by their fortunate possessors.

Many illustrators can do nothing with a subject that is not costumed and fashioned in the prevailing mode. Others have no interest in a subject that does not savor of antiquity.

Maxfield Parrish humorously says that he draws the line at pants; anything as modern as that at present almost universal garment is not for him.

Influence of Environment

You each and every one no doubt have well defined inclination or ability. You would do well to follow it.

Environment is also to be considered by the young illustrator. The prevailing impulse seems to flock to the market place, to the great art and publishing centers, and then to strive for foothold and recognition. I am not inclined to advise you in this matter. There is much to be said, perhaps, in favor of either move.

I simply call your attention to it and to some of its phases. To many young illustrators New York City seems to be the Mecca of their ambition.

It is doubtless an advantage to be within biscuit toss of the Museum. It may be an advantage to see more or less of what is being done by the talented workers in the crowded studio quarters.

If it is enough to make up for the many obvious disadvantages the individual must decide.

Edwin A. Abbey worked for years in a quiet English village.

Howard Pyle—of blessed memory—never, so far as I know, lingered long in the Metropolis. You would, very likely, have found traces of Frederick Remington at the Players Club in New York, but his post-office address often-times would be at some "hard to get at" Indian Reservation or Army Post in the far West.

Maxfield Parrish lives on a remote and beautiful hillside, far from the railway or the trolley, where nature meets him more than half way and has aided him in building up a little world of his own very like the delightful and whimsical fancy of his pictures. I doubt if the atmosphere of a crowded city would be good tonic for his unique talent.

On the other hand, the majority of the able

illustrators are to be found in the large cities, where conditions seem to promote an amazing cleverness of execution and technical skill and at the same time a somewhat shallow and monotonous quality of imagination. There are underlying reasons for all this which I cannot touch upon. That you should, however, carefully consider the surroundings and influences most conducive to the development of your ability, I urge upon you as a matter of large importance.

It is not uncommon that a fine and original talent is very slow in developing. Sometimes, apparently, it hardly exists, but, as often happens in nature, it may eventually come to a bud and blossom that is very rare.

It is never safe to set a limit to the results that a very slight thread of talent at the beginning may *finally* achieve.

The greatest and most valuable asset of an illustrator is a vivid and pictorial imagination. To stimulate and encourage this faculty should be a part of every illustrator's education in addition to the work of the classroom where you learn to express yourself through your chosen medium. Carefully chosen reading is fine fertilizer for the imagination. History, the classic historical novels, and the masterpieces of fiction are well worth a place in the list of an illustrator's studies.

The ethnological museums of local or general collections are always full of pictorial suggestions and are well worth the time you may give to the study of them. I never visit the National Museum in Washington that I do not come away fired with ideas and impulses to paint subjects that have never occurred to me before. If you are in search of material or ideas relating to a particular time or people, a collection of the intimate remains of that time or people is a mine of suggestion. Every illustrator had best be, in a small way at least, a collector of anything and everything that has to do with any time or subject, in which he has particular interest.

It was my good fortune many years ago to spend a week at Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. It was then little changed from the days when Sir Walter lived and worked there. The place was a veritable museum of the remains of the country and people that he loved and brought to life in his Scotch romances. Costumes, armor, the tools of sport and strife lined the walls. Pots and kettles, spit-shafts

and cooking tools littered the fireplace. The great garden walls, every angle of the garden walks held bits of carved and sculptured masonry from battered and fallen abbey and peel-house. The detail, the very atmosphere of old Scotland was in every nook and corner.

I have not the slightest doubt that the vivid, intimate and convincing descriptive passages in Sir Walter Scott's Scotch novels—word pictures which are unrivaled—were quickened and enriched by the surroundings in which he wrote them.

Struggle for Originality

An illustrator should always have his eyes open. Keen observation and a good memory to record it are valuable assets. You should be able to tuck away in the store-house of your memory fleeting impressions of pictorial effects that can be recovered in no other way. The greater your capacity in that direction the greater variety will there be in your powers of expression.

You may transpose and rearrange and adapt as much as you like but you cannot make something out of nothing. There must be a foundation for everything that you do if you would have it of any value.

If you can get to the source of things do not take material second-hand. Your own version of a thing will have a quality, if you dig it out for yourself. That a borrowed version will never give you.

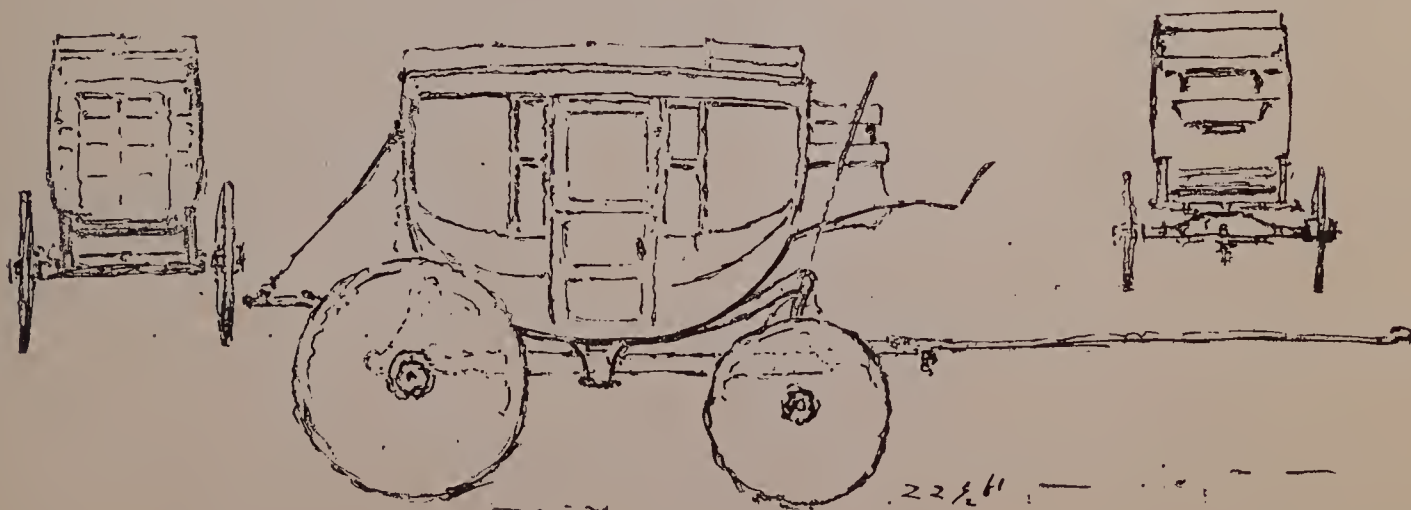
Draw nothing without a model even if that model is not the exact thing that you wish. If you are to draw a baby in this cradle done up in bed-clothes and have no cradle, fashion one in some way out

of something, so that you may arrange your drapery and pillows and baby within the confines of a cradle. You may not arrange the exact picture you are after but you will get something suggestive and one thing leads to another. Thus, you may gradually build up a convincing whole.

You will discover early in your career that illustrating is not still life drawing or painting. Rarely will you have the good fortune to have before you the ideal model for the thing that you wish to portray. Your art, your imagination coupled with painstaking effort to make your model as complete as you can, must help you to add the missing and vital qualities that will make your picture worth while.

Search for Material

The young illustrator should fill his sketch books and portfolios with drawings of every conceivable thing that he may find time to make. I cannot impress upon you too strongly the value of measured drawings. A pocket tape measure and a foot rule are as necessary to an illustrator as a pencil or a sketch book. There are many things that a careful measured drawing from one point of view will enable you to draw in any position. Often times you will wish to record things that may require drawings from three or four sides. For example, I once hunted a long time for a Concord stage-coach of the type of a hundred years ago. I found at last so rare and fine an example that it seemed worth while to make an exhaustive record of it. I first drew it from the point of view that my picture called for. Then I made carefully measured line drawings of side, front, and rear. Something like this:—



THE CONCORD COACH
Fountain Pen Sketch from the manuscript

These drawings, together with written notes on the color, material and details of construction, give me the facts so that I may draw a stage-coach of the period from any point of view that I may choose.

I have never made use of the facts thus recorded beyond the one picture I had in hand at the time. It is quite likely that I never will, but such records are historical documents that increase in value as time goes by. I think them *worth* the effort.

Another time while picking up pictorial material in the far west I looked for a "prairie schooner," strictly speaking a Conestoga wagon of the early

I found the remains of one. It had seen better days, but the running gear was intact and enough of the top hamper to see what it once was like. The picturesque canvas cover and most of the ribs that supported it were gone.

I made drawings similar to those of the Concord coach I have just mentioned. Then in my studio work-shop I built a model about four feet long of the top hamper and canopy. It could be placed in sunlight or shade, tilted at any angle, the canopy adjusted in any position and, failing the real and



THE CONESTOGA WAGON

Fountain pen sketch from the manuscript

fifties. From New Mexico to the headwaters of the Mississippi I failed to find one. I did find the battered side board of one patching a corral at an old time trading station in Colorado, but nothing more. The great fleet that once sailed the plains seemed to have gone the way of "The Deacon's One Hoss Shay." Prairie wagons there were in plenty, but not of the early pattern of pioneer days, east of the Alleghanies.

However, in a little historical society's collection

full sized original, served its purpose admirably.

I have tried to draw that absurd and impossible creature the camel, have hunted menageries and zoological gardens to that end with indifferent success. I might succeed in getting a fairly good study, but the view-point would not be just right or the light would come from the wrong direction. There was always something lacking. Finally I modeled one in plasterline, about a foot high—not a fine performance from a sculptor's point of view, but a great

aid in adapting sketches and studies to the required conditions.

I often model bits of detail that it is difficult to draw in the position and light called for. These are examples of a way to make up for lack of models which I could not obtain. You will, unless you limit your subjects to the present day and mode, be constantly on the hunt for something hard to find, something often times that does not exist. I know of no other way but to run the thing down and to use all your common sense and ingenuity to create

the missing links from what you do find.

I believe that the artist, the creator, is born, not made. The desire, the thought that to be an illustrator would be a pleasant vocation is sometimes mistaken for a talent in that direction. The efforts of the class who have no ability but much desire are of little worth. They fall by the way. But the germ of ability, the seed that at the beginning may be very small, if properly fostered and developed will often accomplish surprising results.

EYES OF YOUTH

*High on a wall in the Hall of Fame,
In letters bright was emblazoned a name.*

*It sparkled and shone so flauntingly
From its station proud that all might see.*

*All lesser names seemed pale and gray
Beneath the glory of its ray.*

*The aged passed unseeing by
The glittering words that hung so high;*

*And humbly scanned the ancient hall,
For lesser places on its wall.*

*For only youth with dreaming eyes,
Dared scale the heights denied the wise:*

*Dared read the name that brightly gleamed,
Yet, to no two the same it seemed.*

*By magic, that is youth's alone,
Each scanned the name and read—his own*

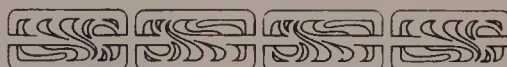
VIVIAN HAYES.



CHRIST AT EMMAUS

By REMBRANDT

A masterpiece in all its manifold expression of aesthetic choice. A masterpiece of character in the delineation of the Perfect One and His guileless companions. A masterpiece of the most acute perception of nuance of tones that has ever been recorded on canvas.

THREE PICTURES

Three Pictures

A COMPARISON

BY ERNEST LEE MAJOR

Well do I remember the remarks that a teacher-painter made to me in Paris when I announced that I was to have the pleasure of a short visit to Italy. "You will enjoy much that you will see in that beautiful country but I will wager this: that, now and then, you will come across some small one that will appeal to you greatly, and this picture will be by some master of Holland."

Later I found that his prediction was correct, whether it is a matter of blood relationship or of religious training, I do not mean to discuss, but such remains the fact. Our early training, unless it be very academic, is usually on the lines of the Anglo-Saxon than of the Latin, so when we see subjects that are taken from the life that ordinarily surrounds us, they have an appeal that reaches our deepest sympathies.

Italy with its wonderful erudition that was derived from the Greeks and the Romans produced a Renaissance that was truly stupendous and all the Arts attained a degree of æstheticism that added greatly by enriching the whole world, and whose influence it is impossible to estimate. Every subject touched on acquired a charm and distinction that enobled, often transforming with a glamor and a glory, the most mundane object.

Italian religious painting appoints itself the interpreter of the church and biblical scenes become wonderful functions where fastidiousness and etiquette are important factors and epicurianism reigns supreme.

* * * * *

Hence—Veronese in this treatment of the Disciples at Emmaus, besides the three important personages, introduces a large group of people, undoubtedly aristocrats, who are posing for their portraits in conventional attitudes. Everyone is on their best behavior, including the children and the dogs, while the Christ and his followers are almost relegated to subordinate positions.

The attitudes of the disciples are meaningless

and theatrical, especially the use of the right arm of the one on the left. All of this canvas shows a most sophisticated talent, especially in the delineation of the heads of the large group of people, but of religious feeling we have none. This great Venetian with all his prowess in his chosen profession; his keen observation of beautiful colors, has shown himself incapable of portraying one of the most beautiful scenes in the life of the Saviour.

Later the art of the orientalized Venetian Republic, with that of Papal Rome and of the Medician Florence gives way to that of the north, where the Flemish miniaturists and the great school of the Netherlands have given us works that are replete with a sincerity and depth of feeling and that indicate a great intensity of religious fervor.

In the little republic of the north which had been so arduously reclaimed from the cold North Sea, the architectural conditions, except in a few civic cases, was such that large pictures were not demanded. Art became domesticated, so to speak, and homes were decorated instead of churches and palaces, consequently it is easy to understand the intimate nature that the art of the Dutch assumed. Here was a country that had acquired great riches from its colonies distributed all over the globe, and its commerce with all nations. Now in the seventeenth century its slowly maturing art blossoms forth in full flower. A visit to the Museums of Holland shows the gradual development of the art of painting. Hundreds upon hundreds of canvases of civic corporations, often very crude, but usually possessing a naive sincerity at last give place to works showing a technique that has never been surpassed.

In this galaxy of superlative craftsmen, the son of the miller stands out pre-eminently, and stamps the whole school with his empiric power. A child of the people, a citizen of a republic, it is only natural that Rembrandt's work should reflect his environment. Undoubtedly his learning was simple and far from academic as his treatment of classic



SUPPER AT EMMAUS

By VERONESE

subjects was uncouth and clumsy, only redeemed by the keen observation of some homely truth. But his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures was most profound and to one of his temperament was a well where he forever found a source of inspiration. But both the New and the Old Testaments furnished episodes which he depicted with the brush and the needle in a manner that has never been surpassed.

He has left us hundreds of drawings, etchings, and paintings that show how some beautiful story was studied in all its aspects.

* * * * *

One such was the Supper at Emmaus. Here Rembrandt found a subject eminently to his taste and we have at present two renderings from his brush, one in Copenhagen and the other in the Louvre. In the former, the Redeemer is seen all in shadow in the foreground in a very dramatic attitude against a mass of light. This rendering is so vigorous that one is almost apt to call it melodramatic, but it certainly proves that he deserves the title of the "Wizard of Light." In the picture in the Louvre the subject is treated in a very sedate style that shows great thought,

associated with a religiosity of the highest order.

Here color has almost given place to monochrome, design is of the simplest order, range of values very limited; all means of expression very repressed. The three important personages are as the painter-evangelist, Luke, describes them, the two disciples at either end of the small table that stretches across the canvas with the Risen One in the center in the act of breaking the bread. Only one other character is introduced, a charming youth who is in the act of serving. As the Man of Sorrows begins to break bread, a delicate nimbus glows about the sad countenance that still suggests the tomb, and his companions begin to be aware of the divinity of the Son of God.

One has put his two hands together in an attitude that suggests prayer, while his bent knee hints of a position that will soon be worship. The other disciple from his position shows a duller mind, but the hand that is only a little raised from the arm of the chair and the other, still on the table, indicates that he too realizes the Godhood of his companion. The wall at their back is only broken by an alcove with an arched top and all is bathed in a penumbra that harmonizes with a golden glory. A wonderful masterpiece,

yes, a masterpiece in all its manifold expression of aesthetic choice. A masterpiece of character in the delineation of the Perfect One and his guileless companions. A masterpiece of the most acute perceptions of nuances of tones that has ever been recorded on canvas.

Legend says that still another picture existed more subtle than that of the Louvre, when the Man of God was disappearing in a ball of fire, but it is difficult to conceive of a greater, and generation after generation will continue to worship this creation as one of the highest achievements of Holland's imaginative genius.

* * * * *

Later painters have been attracted by this wonderful subject and our own museum has a picture by a modern, Leon L'hermitte. As a pupil of the French academies, he showed at an early age a wonderful aptness in the use of charcoal as a means of expression, so that for years he was known only by his pictures in that medium. It might be said that one can always discern this medium in his oil paintings, whether they are nearly monochromatic, as the one in the Museum, or representing scenes

out of doors depicting sunlight and shadow. L'hermitte like Millet, always chooses his subjects from peasant life, but, while he shows a fertile imagination in his choice of attitudes, his work rings of the academie and lacks that large Phidean grandeur which raised the subjects treated by Jean Francis to such a noble simplicity.

Millet was the better psychologist, and never made his people assume positions that were inconsistent with their conditions. That happy simplicity that leaves something to the imagination is absent in the Supper at Emmaus by L'hermitte. Attitudes are exaggerated; no repose exists. Everyone is twisted and doing as much as the skeleton and muscles will permit. Clothes and environment are eminently picturesque; too much so. The whole picture is busy. One yearns for a simple open space of emptiness. Excellent painting? Yes, and good drawing too, but all through there is a pervading neurotic quality very nearly akin to hysteria.

A thought suggests itself here: Millet, had he attempted this subject would have given us a rendering that would combine his gift of expressing noble repose with that wonderful reserve which Rembrandt so ably used to achieve his great religious uplift.



THE FRIEND OF THE HUMBLE.

By L'HERMITTE.

THE CENTER OF VISION

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Editorials

WE MAKE OUR BOW

After the natural difficulties and perplexities that attend the issuing of a new publication, THE CENTER OF VISION makes its bow. It is new in that it has arisen from the ashes of that older CENTER OF VISION that our predecessors in the School read some ten or more years ago. Perhaps it would be more fitting to say that like the Sleepers of Ephesus, it lay down to slumber and after this passage of the years it awakes to shake itself of dust and gaze forth upon a different world.

The Board has striven to make that resurrection complete and to revitalize the paper with the idea of expressing Art Student Life in this School of today as another board strove in those years before. In this present number we have tried to carry out the Art Idea of which we all may have different conceptions, but which in the final counting brings us to one goal. Perhaps we have aimed our arrow high, but with the help of the student body we hope to carry out our plan to keep this book in the higher levels among student publications.

We wish to thank the students as a whole for their ready response to the call for subscriptions and to those members of the Alumni who have helped

us. The Director, Mr. Hopkins has been especially helpful to the Board and it is to his interest and co-operation we owe the current article by Mr. W. L. Taylor. Mr. Major has given us his hearty support from the start, as have a number of individuals who would make a list too long to mention.

In the issues to follow we hope to improve upon this present book, for, to the critical, no doubt, its flaws are many. We have hoped to offer a magazine that will be worthy of the Normal Art School, and of the traditions that every Normal Art Student feels are looking down upon him from those other years when the School was beginning to earn its reputation.

A CRITICISM

Perhaps for an organ just gaining a foothold, THE CENTER OF VISION may be considered presumptuous in dictating to the student body in matters of personal conduct. But we wish to point out the fact, that the one quality that is the vitality of any organization, is that something that the War taught us to call Morale. It is a big thing that has for its components many small things. Earnest, thorough loyalty on the part of its members is the basis of an organization's Morale. Conversely dis-

loyalty, perhaps unintentional but telling, is the death of Morale.

The reasons for this editorial are those familiar characters we rub elbows with every day. Consider those Addicts of the Green Peg who have never enjoyed the thrill of arriving at the scheduled hour. Regard those lost sheep who seem to spend long and fruitless hours browsing about the corridors in search of what no one knows. Give your attention to those who assume that a class-room is a place dedicated to robust enjoyment and unscrupulous disturbance of the workers. Are they not every one a detriment to the spirit of the School, which should be, and in most cases is, one of an earnest desire for accomplishment? They are the causes of weak Morale.

Our own Student Council has provided legislation for these conditions and out of loyalty to that body appointed by the students it would seem that they should observe the rules given. The greater question of the welfare of the whole School as expressed in terms of Morale should be sufficiently vital to the individual student to cause him to reflect upon his course of behavior in school.

ANSON K. CROSS

THE CENTER OF VISION notes with regret the departure of one of the oldest instructors, in point of service, of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, who having taught here since 1883, has seen fit to submit his resignation. Anson Kent Cross will be remembered by the students and the alumni of the last thirty-eight years as a conscientious, earnest teacher with the interest of the students' future at heart. The value of his training is constantly attested by the experience of graduates who find themselves at an advantage in the field through having had his instruction.

Mr. Cross has a nation-wide reputation as an authority on Perspective and is considered by many as the foremost man in that subject living today. He is the author of many books dealing with drawing. When a pupil at high school he invented the rotary snow-plow and since that time has taken out twenty patents in the United States.

We feel that the Massachusetts Normal Art School had a valuable teacher in Mr. Cross. THE CENTER OF VISION wishes him every possible good fortune in the performance of the future work.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

What an absorbingly interesting scene would one of those council meetings of our primordial ancestors have been to the present day student of government. How petty must have been their quarrels. How pathetic must have been their gropings for true justice. What grievous errors must have been their's in that first attempt at social government. Rudimentary though it may have been, their crude structure of tribal legislation is the root of the Laws of Athens which in turn are the basis of our Republican government today.

From those dim days at the dawn of recorded history until now the trend of government has been slowly but surely in the direction of a state controlled by the many and not by the few. Perhaps the latest development in this progress has been the governing of schools of higher education along the principles of a democratic community.

And now Student Government has come to the Massachusetts Normal Art School. Like our ancestors gathered about the first council fire our mistakes have been many, obstacles have hindered our progress, and trouble beset us at every turn. But the results this year have given us so much promise and are so superior to those of last year that the system may safely be said to have succeeded well.

The theory that a self-governing school is more apt to produce self-reliant workers than the school where the instructors have "M. P." duty in addition to their regular work seems to be a sound one. An instructor does not allow himself to become a mental crutch to the student. Why should he be a moral crutch?

The Student Board elected under the system has proved itself an efficient legislative and judicial body. The student body as a whole has accommodated itself to the rules, and in those instances when mal-factors have been brought before the Board, penalties have been accepted more graciously than would be expected among students ordinarily upon the same footing.

Student Government is now a functioning system—for it produced the school paper—and it is here to stay.

A Bottle of Hair Tonic

BY VIVIAN HAYES.

Today I cleaned out a dusty corner of my laboratory that I had not explored for ten years. Pushed far back on a shelf, I came across a cobwebby bottle whose yellow label bore the inscription, "Hair Tonic." Beneath in finer print, I read, "Warranted to make the tresses beautifully soft, wavy and luxuriant in a single night, or money cheerfully refunded."

What a flood of recollections, both amusing and the reverse, the sight of that little bottle evoked. Yes, innocent looking as it was, that hair tonic bottle was at the bottom of one of the most strenuous half hours I have ever been fated to pass. When I think of the way that pack of maniacs turned upon me—of the words my own wife said to me—well, I may as well tell it from the beginning.

Looking backward now from my proud position as "one of the most eminent chemists in the country"—for that is what I read about myself in a certain scientific magazine, only this morning,—I cannot conceive of how I ever made the stupid blunder.

I was nothing but a bungling amateur in those days, with all that cock-sureness (and a bit more, I fancy) that is the most marked characteristic of all amateurs. Despite a singular absence of success in any of my maiden experiments, I felt that Fame would not always look thus coldly upon me, and bore up bravely under several horrible fiascos which would have caused a less optimistic chap to bury his head like an ostrich, and to never again evince enough nerve to look daylight in the face.

That gruesome experiment of the enlarged flea, for instance. How was I to know the exact amount of the enlarging fluid to use? I nearly fainted when the creature began expanding with lightening-like rapidity until it assumed the proportions of a corpulent cock-roach, kicked the microscope off the table with one of its hind legs, and scrambled away underneath the door, after giving me a vicious bite on the ankle. It fit every member of the household before it was killed. If they had ever found out that I was at the bottom of that—well!

But to get back to that hair tonic bottle. What I thought I was evolving was a potent liquid which would really produce the results which so many worthless would-be hair beautifiers claim to produce—lustrous, rich, abundant tresses.

The sole idea which animated my bosom as I stirred and studied and tested the lotion was that of being a real benefactor to mankind, or rather womankind, at last. Oh, the simple, loving, whole-hearted zeal with which I labored—and then to think of the base ingratitude—but we'll come to that directly.

The hair tonic was a failure. That is, as a hair tonic it was a failure. As soon as it was perfected, which was not until dusk, I enticed the white cat, Angel, my wife's especial pet, into the laboratory and holding the struggling feline with one hand, with the other I vigorously applied some of the liquid with a small brush.

To my consternation, the cat's soft coat instantly assumed a vivid vermillion hue, and darting from my arms, the outraged animal sprang through the window, gleaming red tail bristling, and blazing eye-balls protruding wildly. At sight of the hideous apparition, the cook's little boy emitted a hair-raising shriek and fled precipitately into the dog-kennel, from which retreat he was rescued hours afterward in a state of gibbering idiocy impossible to describe.

Of course this experience harrowed my feelings considerably. I was bitterly disappointed for I certainly had banked on that hair tonic being a success, and as it stood now, the only use it seemed to be was, quite obviously, to color things red, which fact was hardly consoling, as I could buy a gallon of red paint for the price of a single ingredient used in the manufacture of the hair tonic. However, the chemist's life is one long list of surprises, so with a resigned sigh, I poured the liquid into an old hair tonic bottle, placed it upon the shelf, and came out to my supper. It was probably the fault of a bright red animal capering madly across

I encountered my wife just outside. I remembered afterwards how she looked beyond me at something which took her eye, and pushed me playfully toward the dining-room, but I had no suspicions at that time, and thought only of the savory supper awaiting me.

Oh, Curiosity, of truth, thy name is woman!

This is how it all came about, as I discovered afterward. My wife stealthily unlocked the laboratory door, and after a few minutes search, discovered that bottle standing alone upon the shelf. She was much interested upon finding it marked "Hair Tonic," for her own hair had begun to fall out alarmingly of late, and she resolved to try the tonic that very night. She could easily return it early the next morning, she reasoned, without my ever being the wiser.

Once in her room for the night, she brushed her hair carefully, and extinguishing the light lest I should surprise her in the act of applying the pilfered liquid, she anointed her tresses copiously with the tonic, and repaired to bed, well satisfied with the course of events.

A few minutes after, my wife's mother, a venerable silver-haired lady, entered her daughter's room softly, in search of a bottle of a headache remedy usually to be found upon the bureau. Perceiving that she was asleep the old lady quietly secured the bottle and tip-toed out into the hall. Here she discovered her mistake, the label upon the bottle reading "Hair Tonic," but being a well preserved dame for her years, and inordinately proud of her appearance, she was seized with an uncontrollable desire to try the effects of the preparation upon her own sparse locks and she bore the bottle guiltily to her room, where without turning on the lights, she hastily soused her head with a goodly portion of the bottle's contents, sending immediately afterward for Chloe, the colored cook, to return the bottle to her daughter's room without awakening her.

Chloe took the bottle, her round eyes sparkling as she spelled out the label, "Hair Tonic." With a furtive glance over her shoulder to see if anyone observed her act, she uncorked the bottle and sprinkled a generous amount of the "tonic" upon her woolly head.

Then she bethought her of her spouse, "Uncle Sambo" and in great haste she sped into the servant's wing, where the unsuspecting old man lay

asleep, and with infinite caution applied a few drops to his bald pate.

This done, she scuttled back to my wife's room and noiselessly replaced the bottle.

My wife awoke early the next morning. The responsibility of returning the bottle safely to its place upon the laboratory shelf had troubled her slumbers all night. From the adjoining room she could hear my heavy breathing ("heavy breathing" sounds better in a story) and congratulating herself upon her good fortune, she approached the bureau.

Heavens! What awful apparition was that which stared back at her from the mirror! It couldn't be—Horrors! It was—It was! Herself! She recognized the face, surrounded by a flaming aureole of vermillion locks, as her own!

With an ear-piercing shriek, which caused me to spring from my bed and dash for the door before I was fully awake, she rushed out of the room.

The glimpse I obtained of her as she disappeared, caused my complexion to assume a far deathlier hue than it ever took on at the time I crossed the English Channel. I remember that then I passively waited for death to come and get me; now I gazed frantically about for some means by which I might terminate my wretched life, myself.

My haggard eyes only encountered the hair tonic bottle, which seemed to stare at me accusingly from the bureau.

Madly I rushed across the room, threw open the window, and dashed what remained of the bottle's contents down onto the lawn beneath. A beautiful bed of pansies received the shower, and each flower instantly assumed a uniform and vivid scarlet.

I then poured clear water into the bottle and placed it in its former position.

Having completed these diplomatic proceedings, I took up my position at the door just as a blood-curdling scream sounded from an apartment at the other end of the hall.

The door burst open, and out tottered an old lady of majestic proportions, sobbing wildly, faded blue eyes distended, her delicate hands clutching frenziedly at wisps of flaming red hair.

As each caught sight of the other, the two women fell into each other's arms, where they rocked back and forth, crying hysterically.

Then, from the wing of the house, sounded a series of staccato yells, and down the stairs a fearful vision came tumbling blindly—an angular ebon-

black old negress, her distorted face surmounted by eerie tufts of blazing, fire-red wool.

Behind her staggered a sniveling old man, whose shiny bald head, a crop of red fuzz rendered festive in the extreme.

At sight of the new-comers, the first two victims shrieked with renewed terror, and the last arrivals perceiving the former, subsided limply into two terrified, quaking heaps.

To make the gruesome situation complete, at that moment there dashed through their midst, a cat of uniform and vivid crimson.

I now realized that the time had come for me to depart. A second later, I wished that I had realized it sooner, for with one accord those ravening wolves dashed toward my door. I hurriedly ran to the bed, and had barely time to dive headlong into it and pull the coverings up about my face, when in rushed those four grotesque, furious and blood-thirsty individuals, armed with every available weapon, and thirsting for vengeance.

"Wretch! Deceiver! Villain!" they yelled, dancing fiendishly about the bed. "Behold your work, scoundrel!"

With one accord they dashed toward the hair tonic bottle. My wife reached it first, and brandishing it over my head, shrieked, "Cur, have a taste of your own medicine!"

She dashed the contents of the bottle over my defenseless head. Nothing happened. My stringy brown locks remained as before.

I assumed a martyr-like air. "Good people," I said, with humble dignity, "might I inquire the reason for this outrageous assault? Verily, I am unused to abiding in the same house with a pack of maniacs. I must request, therefore, that you permit me to withdraw until you have regained your reason."

Modestly draping a sheet about my pajama-clad figure, I stepped hastily into the adjoining room and locked the door.

I stayed there all day. Nobody brought me anything to eat, but I found a plug of tobacco in the pocket of an old smoking jacket (a relic of the happy days before my wife made me swear off) and chewed zealously all day, thrusting my head out of the window to expectorate, with a thrill of wicked enjoyment.

Toward evening, my wife rapped timidly upon the door, and respectfully solicited admittance. I unlocked the door and perceived that her hair had

nearly regained its normal color. So, also, she informed me, had that of the other victims. She seemed to have arrived at a pretty thorough realization of her injustice toward me, and as I never was one to hold malice for long, I made up with her, and we went down stairs.

Looking out upon the lawn, I saw that the pansy-bed still loomed up as red as fire. This was interesting!

I ran out to investigate it at closer range and nearly fell over an eccentric looking old man who knelt upon the grass examining the glowing flowers through a small glass.

He struggled stiffly to his feet and handed me his card. I started, for my visitor was none other than Old Chlorofil, the famous "Millionaire Botanist."

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed excitedly, indicating the red pansies, with a sweep of his bony hand. "I must have some. Strange I never heard of them before! Where on earth did you get them?"

My wits had been working rapidly.

"I have reason to think that it is the only bed of red pansies in the world," I answered with modest pride. "A short time ago, a sailor friend brought me a bag of curious seeds which he had collected upon a desert island upon which he was cast away, and where he was forced to live for three months. I planted the seeds, and behold—red pansies! Are they not beauties!"

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the old man, gazing at the blossoms with covetous eyes. He fished a check-book and a fountain-pen from his pocket. "Will you sell me just one plant, Sir?" he begged. "Name your price, and it shall be yours."

I named it. I expected to see him drop dead, but he never flinched. He made out a check and handed it to me. The next moment, I had my house-lot on Easy Street all selected!

Very carefully, the old man then cut the turf away from one of the most blooming of the pansy plants, and departed with his prize carefully packed in a strawberry-box.

The next day found the hair of all the victims of the hair tonic quite restored to the original colors, but, strange to say, the red pansies never faded. Each year they bloom with the same riot of crimson color beneath the window, a vivid and glowing reminder of that memorable day.

The Art Editor Has His Fling

BY LEO O'DONNELL

"There has been in past years, and still continues to be, a great deal of talk among artists and art students of the degradation of one's art involved in doing what is called 'commercial work.' A young artist who in order to live turns his hand to designing, the making of advertisements, etc., is considered as having fallen from grace, and many a young man and woman has actually gone hungry rather than to sacrifice their high ideals. Their aim is right, but in a measure its direction is wrong. Art is degraded not by the humbleness of its use but by the poverty of its own expression. Suppose that when an order came to Rubens to make a cartoon for the tapestry factory around the corner he scornfully replied, "Oh, no, I never do commercial work." The making of such cartoons was one form of the "commercial work" of his day. If he and others like him had held such an attitude toward the crafts the museums of the world could not boast of the priceless treasures which enrich them. Those early masters did not lower themselves or their art; they rather lifted the crafts to their own level and dignified themselves in so doing."

The above editorial which we found in an early number of that esteemed art journal "Palette and Bench" is a fair example of the attitude taken by many present day artists, teachers, and art students toward the much discussed "commercial art." At the time that editorial was written, the tide of art student sentiment was unanimously against those who jumped into the race for the almighty dollar. That was less than a dozen years ago, yet how insidiously this commercial spirit has gained a foothold and grown stronger and stronger can be seen in the tastes of the present generation of art students. They will marvel at the uncouth, obtrusive brush marks in a collar advertisement, say, "How clever!" when they should know that true cleverness is not displayed in an all too obvious manipulation, but in the suppression of the medium till you wonder how it was painted, and the closest examination

fails to reveal the secret. Thus are the masterpieces of Vermeer painted, but the modern art student can learn nothing from Vermeer. That gentleman never sold a chewing gum advertisement. They are bored by pictures in the art museums, but the advertising pages of the magazines are a source of never-ending wonder and the scissors are plied that the treasured collection of canned pineapple or cigarette ads may wax fat. Great are the uses of adversity and from this atmosphere of deterioration higher forms of art may appear as from the treacherous environment of Pre-Raphaelism rose the flower of Whistler.

But to return to the editorial even the most biased must admit that it is misleading. It compares the young artist of today trying to sell a shoe advertisement, to Rubens, the most prolific artist of all time, designing a tapestry—do not confuse the term cartoon with caricature, for often such preliminary drawings were very elaborate. The former goes with fear and trembling into the presence of a successful business man, often a man without refined tastes, with no appreciation of drawing, design, or color, who believes that utilitarianism is the main-spring of life, and that an artist is non-essential.

Then opposed to this attitude of the modern business man we have that of the 17th century craftsman, who revered the artist, who strove with all his powers to reproduce faithfully the painters work; not to tell him that if he left out two colors it would be so much the cheaper. Truly those early masters did not lower themselves or their art, but is it to be inferred that the modern artist does not lower his art when he abandons his ideals and puts his talents at the command of a baser mind, or to please the public commits atrocities such as we see day after day in the cars and on the boards? Such a man has indeed "fallen from grace," and while the fad lasts his pockets will be well lined, but not for him is the abiding honor.

Local Color

Archie Sweetman was treated to a seance in experimental Spiritualism in the Costumed Model Class a short time ago. Our Indian model, Chief Rain-in-the-face, had been prompted by Buckley and a few of his ilk to inform Archie of a deluge of thought waves that had assailed the Chief from the direction of Fitchburg. He described a beautiful, blond lady in that town who desired an interview with Archie. Further describing, he went the limit in a delineation of her occupation, tastes, etc. After another pose, during which Chief Broken-Rib received some more supposed communications, he went so far as to correctly announce the lady's name. Friend Archie became cognizant of the fact that he was being "taken in" and the soul vibrations ceased. In view of the fact that Mr. Sweetman is shortly to become a benedict, the opposing party being a lady in Fitchburg, he was fussed up for a time.

"The Quest for the Holy Grail," produced as a Christmas play at the school last year, was performed at the Hawthorne Inn, Gloucester, last summer, under the direction of Mr. Daniel O. Brewster and Mr. Robert M. Goode. Miss Flint was in charge of the costumes used in the piece. Properties and costumes made at the Massachusetts Normal Art School were used, but many of the actors, who were largely guests of the Inn, supplied their own equipment. Three performances were given netting twelve hundred dollars, which was donated to a playground fund for Gloucester children.



"The Brown Jug" of Brown University has been featuring the artistic efforts of a number of Massachusetts Normal Art School girls. In their last edition entitled, "Girls Number," they printed two headings by Rhubena Wilde, otherwise known as "Beanie."

A casual visitor at Rockport last summer might have noticed a slight improvement in the atmosphere of art and contentment that usually pervades the place. This was due in part to the presence of that gay trio of future Rembrandts, Buckley, Scottie, and Fitzzy, who were studying under Mr. Aldro Hibbard, a graduate of the Massachusetts Normal Art School and at present instructor at the night school. Buckley was known as the best fed man in Rockport, having earned the reputation by his personal efforts in the dining room. Scott and Fitzgerald specialized in masquerade parties where they could be found at any time hovering about the punch-bowl.

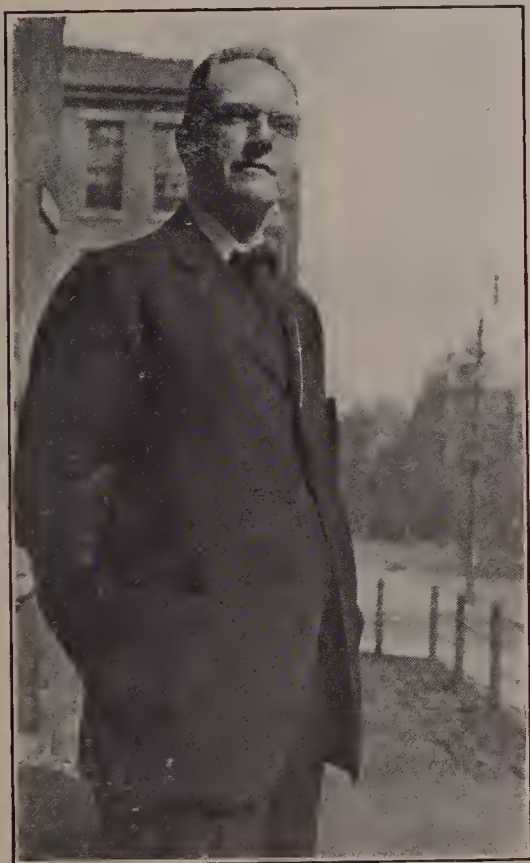
We would like to officially welcome Wilfred Thorner who, after a sojourn of a few years, has decided to return to the fold of the school. Mr. Thorner enlisted after three years at the school and when he was discharged he did not return to his studies. He has decided to take up his work where he left off and has enrolled to complete a course in the public school department.

Raymond Bowley was responsible in a large way for the success of the recital held at the New England Conservatory of Music on the 10th and 11th of December. Mr. Bowley manufactured and designed all the costumes that were used in the performances. The recital held by the dramatic department of the conservatory, under the direction of Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert, was made up of three separate parts; an opera, "Ib and Little Christina," a play, "Les Romantiques," and a ballet, "Jeux." Much very favorable comment was heard in appraisal of the designing of the costumes.

Miss Ethel Roberts, formerly of the 1923 Class, who will be always known to her friends in the school by the title "Rusty" is studying to the University Preparatory School, from whence she intends to enter college.

Alvin Krone, sophomore graphic art, has returned to his home in Jamaica Plain from the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, where he was for some time under treatment for infantile paralysis. He expects to be fully recovered within a few months, and looks forward to continuing his studies at the Massachusetts Normal Art School as soon as possible.

Recent announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Beryl Harrison of Fitchburg to Archie Sweetman of the sophomore class.



ANSON KENT CROSS

After having been connected with the Massachusetts Normal Art School since 1883, Anson K. Cross, teacher of perspective, has been granted the retirement which the State allows its instructors. Mr. Theron I. Cain is carrying on his classes in Perspective.

The Freshman Class

We are unusual—Mrs. Whittet noticed it right away—such a large class, you know, and so many boys, fifty out of a total freshman enrollment of a hundred and fifteen. But that's not all, we have other claims on the unusual.

Mr. Brewster noticed it, too. "Not so good," says he. "Why last year—" But then Mr. Brewster is awfully hard to please—at least we think so—almost in a class with Mr. Ray.

Perhaps on the whole we are a pretty sorry bunch of artists, but anyway I know a girl who has nearly a solid string of those impossible deep blue pins to her credit. Yes, she's a regular freshman, awfully modest, too. Cornelia seems to have the goods!

Then there's Abbie, the girl with the laugh. If a merry heart doeth good like a medicine, here's tonic for the whole class.

And Affie! Remember the Egyptian "fandango" of the Christmas party? I guess we are not slow in claiming a green smock for her.

A funny thing about our class—we are all sorts. Haven't you noticed it? But that is just what makes a strong and vigorous class.

Now we don't want to breathe a word of scandal about anyone, but we have just received the intimation that Sam Armour could accomplish much more in freehand perspective if it were not for that dress-making establishment across the way.

Of the fifty men in the freshman class twenty-five are Federal Board students and seven are special students from the industries.

The freshman class has been seriously handicapped in not having class officers. If it is not traditional to hold freshman elections before mid-years, we earnestly suggest that the tradition be altered before it is more firmly rooted in the wrong place. Freshman elections should come in ample time for official class machinery to take care of the Christmas spread and entertainment.

We would express our thanks and appreciation to the faculty and upper classes who have entertained the freshman class on several occasions.

Our good wishes follow Mr. Cross. We feel keenly the loss of this eminent teacher.

A LYNATYPE

A genius am I, with heaven-given powers,
So why should I sweat away these golden
hours?

From my bed up in Concord I rise at ten,
And I've been known to come to school, now
and then.

Now all the day long I lounge and loaf around
At night I'm either dancing or painting the
town.

For work was never made for such as I.

* * *

Now on my graduation day I hope my Muse
will provide,

Until that time I'll let my worries slide.

For work was never made for such as I.

THE SALESMAN

Jimson was a silent plugger,
He filled his days with work.
He mutely daubed all day—
Thought it a crime to shirk.

Bamson was a noisy student,
His days were filled with talk.
His loudly voiced opinions,
Were easily heard a block.

Jimson now for twenty dollars
Sells his work to Bamson's store.
Bamson loudly sings their praises,
And he sells for forty more.

A young man with a cherub like smile and who
answered to the name of "Mac," performed a tra-
vesty on the "Barber of Seville," in collaboration
with two ladies of the freshman class, a short time
ago. The title of the piece was, "People who wear
bobbed hair should not be rough-necks." Mac
was assisted by a safety razor and a cup of soapy
lather.

Four little students had a custard pie,
In a second more they made the custard fly.
News from the office, trouble is ahead.
Meeting called, riot act is read.
Down on their knees scraping up the floor,
In penance decide they'll custard ply no
more.

SOULEFUL

I am a vamp; a vamp from Brockton, Mass.
And my wiles, my wicked smiles, all other
vamps' surpass.

All the men, the foolish men are just puppets
on my string.

At my bidding they would die, or cry, or al-
most anything.

Oh, wot a vamp, am I.

Just on a dare I let the barber bob my hair.

Now Nazimova envies me, she knows that I
am there.

I hate the men who love me, young and old
as well.

So those that I don't ruin, land in a padded
cell.

Oh, wot a vamp, am I.

We gather in the hall sometimes,
When calls the Student Board,
To arbitrate, elucidate,
To sharpen Justice's sword.

We talk, and rant, gesticulate,
And rave of many things,
Of turpentine and brains adrift,
Of sandwiches and rings,
Of overcoats and lingerie,
Of articles of trade.

We say the school is looping loops
The world is on the grade.

When the whole kow-tow is over,
Things go on just the same.

Our mistakes are just as many
And no one takes the blame.

THE BOYLSTON BLUES

(Sung to the tune of the Broadway Blues)

Get up in the morning,

Eat about nine.

Blow into school—

Never on time.

Hang around until noon

Down to the Battle

Of the Fork and Spoon.

Up in the hall, dance till one.

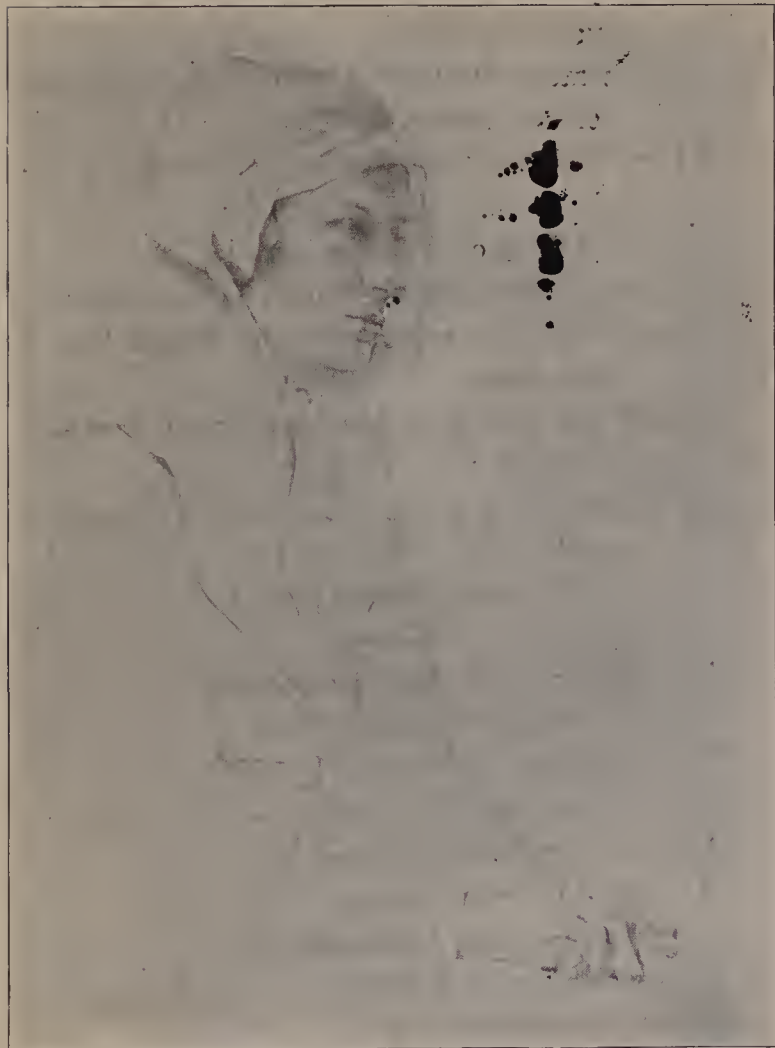
Just remembers that there's no work done.

A little later its time for a show.

Meets a Tech Frosh and away they go.

But what's the use o' worryin' ec.

Prize Awarded M. N. A. S. Student



"A Puritan Maid"

By Ruth H. Deal

For the second time within two years, a student of the Massachusetts Normal Art School has been the winner of the Charles M. Lee Contest conducted by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. This contest was open to the regularly enrolled students of all the art schools in the country. Miss Ruth H. Deal, a senior at the school was the winner of the two hundred dollar prize awarded this year. Miss Deal's portrait, "A Puritan Maid," was chosen for its beautiful tone qualities and its attractive composition.

Miss Deal is a graduate of West Roxbury High School, Class of 1917. She entered the Massachusetts Normal Art School in that year, and all her art instruction from that time has been received in the school.

PROPOSITIONS ON ART

A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared.

To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise that it shows great and earnest labor, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view.

Industry in art is a necessity—not a virtue—and any evidence of the same, in the production, is a blemish, not a quality; a proof, not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work.

The work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow—suggests no effort—and is finished from its beginning.

The complete task of perseverance only has never been begun, and will remain unfinished to eternity—a monument of good will and foolishness.

"There is one that laboureth, and taketh pains, and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind."

The masterpiece should appear as the flower to the painter—perfect in its bud as in its bloom—with no reason to explain its presence—no mission to fulfill—a joy to the artist—a delusion to the philanthropist—a puzzle to the botanist—an accident or sentiment and alliteration to the literary man.—*James A. McNeill Whistler.*

BRUSH AND CHISEL EXHIBITION

The work of a number of students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School was featured at the Brush and Chisel Club Exhibition at Grace Horne's Gallery, Stuart Street, February 7-19, 1921. Among the present students whose work was exhibited were Robert M. Goode, J. Edward Fitzgerald, Otis Archer Hood, and Bertha D. Dion. The graduates of the school who exhibited were Marilla Ryder, Mildred Sartelle, Miriam E. Ball, and E. Hapgood Stratton.



The Green Vase

Nielroy's latest song was a success—not that most of his songs were not successes, but this particular song, vulgarly called, "When You Forget," to suit the popular taste in song titles, had a peculiar history. Niel had not really been the composer of the air, having merely transposed it to fit the fashion in current sentimental songs. Actually it had emanated from a decrepit article of pottery that had, in an indifferent sort of way, decorated a corner of my room at one time. And upon that hangs a tale.

On a late afternoon I had wandered into Pantoky's, to browse among the miscellaneous relics that filled his musty shop. He had attempted a one-word catalogue of his wares in the legend "Curiosities" that swung on a quaint sign board over his door. Curious indeed was his stock in trade. Rugs from the Orient, by way of Madison avenue homes, high-backed chairs, sprawling tables of another period, mottled canvases with lifeless pigment, and in a forgotten niche between a bronze courtier, with cloak and sword, and a Chinese idol, stood a green vase, a strange urn-like form with a grotesquely turned body, and a neck that ranged much too far from its shoulders. It seemed lost between the Buddha, who grinned in appraisal of its awkward shape, and the courtier whose head was turned in very evident scorn.

By some strange whim the designer of the vase had engraved it with a scroll, that proved to be a staff of music that wound from its base to its rim. This only added the more to its general malapropos arrangement. The music appeared to have been written with neither purpose nor intent, for the notes and clefs and other devices familiar to the musician danced with giddy abandon on the tarnished surface, without regard for any laws of harmony.

It was such a strange, incongruous article that with my usual perversity in such matters, I decided to buy it. When I inquired the price, Pantoky's cadaverous eyes gleamed; apparently the vase was a drug on his little market. But it found its way to my none too spacious rooms and settled in a place

with other objects not unlike itself. For a long time it stood in its corner serving no purpose, but that of gathering dust, its peace disturbed only by the infrequent ministrations of the charwoman's dust-brush.

When Nielroy came to share my rooms his attention was immediately attracted to the vase by its strange inscriptions. The wild assortment of notes seemed to fascinate him from the start. That was not at all extraordinary; as a musician he would be naturally interested, I thought.

Very often afterward I had found him studying the thing intently with the attitude of an Egyptologist with a newly found Rosetta Stone.

Some time afterward, I was returning from my usual afternoon stroll, and as I climbed the staircase I heard the sound of a very beautiful melody. Nielroy was playing his violin, a practice very unusual with him, for his hours down town at the publishers were usually sufficient. I waited a moment on the landing to listen, fearing that my entrance would bring a stop to the music. What wonderful music was this? A composition of great beauty certainly, if I were any judge at all. I burst into the room with a score of questions on my tongue.

"Niel man, what is this new one? Has our Beethoven produced another opus for a three months' life on Broadway?"

"Three months' life or not, it has been dead a long time, buried in your flower pot here." So in a disjointed fashion he told me, that by reversing the order of the notes on the staff scratched upon my vase, he had succeeded in interpreting it into a very fine composition. The vase stood in the center of the table surrounded by a litter of paper on which he had been scribbling.

Within a day Nielroy had written a lyric for the piece and had entitled it "When You Forget." It was soon on the market, a classical song of great merit, as most of Nielroy's songs usually were. And as I have said, it was a success.

"When You Forget," was as apt to be heard from a saloon piano as from a symphony orchestra. Its appeal was universal. Its popularity was immediate and the fact that its composer's name had been left to conjecture, for Niel had signed merely the lyric, gave it an air of mystery that enhanced its selling possibilities.

When the song had reached its greatest popular height, Nielroy and I were spending a quiet evening at home. Niel was scribbling off correspondence to all points of the compass and I was deeply immersed in a novel when the door-bell rang. A rather diminutive young girl entered the room. With her fluff of blond hair and her well-fitted business suit she made a very pleasing picture. She was certainly a decoration to our sombre quarters so we were at our best, to make her feel at home.

She told us concisely that she was a newspaper lady, who had not come to us for a story, but for a very personal reason. To Niel she gave a letter of introduction from Berger & Sons, his publishers. It introduced Marcia Vertprey, daughter of Herbert Vertprey, whom we knew as the composer of most of the best musical comedy scores of the past decade. She began by describing her father's intense grief over her mother's death a few years before. It appeared Vertprey had composed a song just previous to her mother's death that he had intended to dedicate to her on its publication. So great was his sorrow, that he never wrote again. He destroyed the manuscript of the piece, but took elaborate means to preserve it for his personal use. It seemed that he had a hobby of pottery making and he scratched the piece on the wet clay surface of a vase he had just turned. At this point, we came to the conclusion that our green vase was the reason for the young lady's visit.

"Then it was the music known as, 'When You Forget,' that was scratched on the vase," I said, reaching into the corner and bringing out that specimen of pottery.

The girl's eyes filled for a minute, but she continued her narrative.

"Not long after my mother's death my father moved to the west, and in the dissolving of our household the vase was lost. Father had often spoken of it. About a year ago he died, and I moved east to take up newspaper work. A short time ago I heard 'When You Forget' at a theatre, and I recognized the music as my father's. I came to see you tonight, thinking that you would be interested to know the source of your piece, and because I was curious to know how you succeeded in deciphering the score, that my father had always claimed was hidden forever in the clay of that vase."

Niel explained the intricate arrangement of the

score that had made it so difficult to transcribe. Considering the purpose of her visit fulfilled, Miss Vertprey turned to go. Niel was at her side at once.

"But about the royalty, Miss Vertprey," he said. She was gone. Nielroy was very much perturbed. It seemed to me something more, than merely giving her the proper share of the song's rights, was disturbing him. Something in his eye as he spoke, convinced me that the song writer's daughter had impressed him in another way.

I was convinced the next day when he telephoned his publishers to discover the whereabouts of the paper for which the girl worked. It proved to be a second-rate magazine, and in a few minutes Niel had taken me by the arm, and we soon presented ourselves at the office of the publication. Miss Vertprey was on hand by good fortune, and after fumbling a few minutes, he asked her to lunch, so that he might talk the matter over with her.

I realized by the attitude of the pair that I was a third party not at all necessary to the well-being of the gathering so accordingly I made a slight bow and vanished. That proved to be the first of a number of lunches and dinners and theatre parties that Niel and Miss Vertprey shared together.

After a month I began to realize that I was on my way to losing a perfectly good room-mate. It happened as I expected. One day Niel pulled out his old trunk and began to pour into the thing a mixture of my clothes and his own.

"Well, my good man," I inquired, "what is this folding of the tent business?"

"I am sorry and glad, old man, he said, "Glad and sorry!"

"Have you and Miss Vertprey put something over on this gray head?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "Congratulations are in order."

Niel and I were never demonstrative with each other, and after a very formal little speech, in which I expressed a number of things I didn't think, and thought of very fine things I didn't express, Niel said, "Well my address will be, the 'Sante Fe' for a few weeks to come."

"Is there anything of the world's goods that I hold valuable that I could give you Niel as a token of my regard?" I asked him.

"Yes, this," he answered, and reaching into the corner, he placed carefully, in a compartment of the trunk, the green vase.

The Forest

“There’s a pool in the ancient forest,”
The painter-poet said,
“That is violet-blue, and emerald
From the face of the sky o’er-head.”

So far in the ancient forest,
To the heart of the woods went I,
But found no pool of emerald,
No violet-blue for sky.

“There’s a pool in the ancient forest,”
Said the painter-poet still,
That is violet-blue and emerald
Near the breast of a rose-green hill.

And the heart of the ancient forest
The painter-poet drew,
And painted a pool of emerald
That thrilled me through and through

Then back to the ancient forest
I went with a strong, wild thrill,
And I found the pool of emerald,
Near the breast of the rose-green hill

FREDERICK OAKES SYLVESTER

Class of 1892



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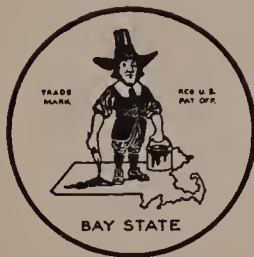
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